https://tiptoesmut.livejournal.com/44290.html?thread=935938

Michael almost protested when he felt Lucifer's hands on his wings, felt Lucifer's fingers smoothing his feathers down, but he spread his wings instead of saying anything.

He closed his eyes when he felt lips on the back of his neck, and instead of thinking hatred at himself for enjoying what was offered, he tipped his head forward and let Lucifer rest a hand between his wings, let Lucifer dig his fingers in and make him jerk forward with a moan.

He let Lucifer bite at his neck and shoulder, and let Lucifer pull him back, pull him flush against Lucifer, and it was with a gasp that he let Lucifer rest a hand on his crotch, let him squeeze there and he held his wings carefully, giving Lucifer the room needed to stay close.

Lucifer's wings leaned forward, brushing Michael's wings and the jolt of pleasure there didn't have Michael moaning - he cried out, pleading for more before Lucifer gave it to him, stroking the tip of his cock and curving his wings forward.

Lucifer nipped at his neck again, and Michael let himself moan Lucifer's name quietly, let himself give up on controlling this and pushed into Lucifer's hands.

They moved together then, with Michael going to pieces with the pleasure, and when he came he shouted Lucifer's name, spilling all over Lucifer's hand.

Lucifer bit his neck, hard enough to hurt but Michael closed his eyes and felt Lucifer groan as he came, and then Lucifer was pulling back, away.

Michael stumbled forward and slumped against the wall of the Cage, sliding down it to tremble on the floor, and he didn't let himself think about it.